THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

Had to Cecil Rhodes been given the clear vision of Lila, would he have complained so bitterly of life as " a day at the seaside " ?

It is on the lower levels the blue season for flowers, and so we pass meadows of the Jacob's Ladder heavenwards, the myosotis and golfer's cabbage reminding us of the earthly interests we are leaving behind us, and the speedwell who wishes us well as we climb. Then through the fern country to the realms of the yellow violet, no longer modestly attired, but sporting a brazen yellow dress, and making eyes as we pass by.

Where the crags get so steep and the air so rare that the coolies haul us up with ropes and straps, and the guides pummel the breath back into us, the fir gives place to the birch zone, and, still higher, to the juniper, where the wild eagles soar. Here the mauve and white anemones form a carpet, and the yellow potentilla, and the milk plant rears a sickly head, unpleasant as a woman's jealousy, and the sinister green of the cobra

flower lurks
below the waxy hot-house like masses
of the
daphne, hiding amongst the airy fairy
fields of
white columbine. So the route leads
on over
the down at the top of the crags, for
we have

been